The Quality of "SALADA" TEA

is most appreciated in the rich, delicious flavor. Try it today.

H562

HUSBANDS WHO LACK AMBITION.

A girl said to me: "I am engaged to a man who has but one fault. He is utterly lacking in energy and initiative. He has got plenty of ability, but for years he has been in the same position, where he does just enough work to hold his job.

"His motto is, 'Never do anything to-day that you can put off until tomorrow.' He never answers a letter under three weeks, and when I am going anywhere with him he is always late, and I have to wait, and wait, and wait, until I am in a redhot temper when he does arrive.

"What he needs is somebody to keep continually behind him, and push and prod him into making a success of himself."

"My dear," I said, "don't undertake the job. In the first place, it can't be done. When a man is born tired the do-nothing sign is set on his forehead at birth, and no wife can eradicate it.

"Whether indolent and slothful people are afflicted with some disease that paralyses their energies, I do not know. But I do know that laziness is an incurable vice, and that you can do nothing with people to whom no achievement is worth the effort it costs, to whom labor is the ultimate curse of the world, and whose only desire is to loaf through life.

"That kind of a man never loves a woman well enough to work for her, and no wife can supply him with the power he needs to make him a success. Many optimistic women have attempted this feat, but they all fail.

"As for a woman making anything of a man by trying to keep him jacked up all the time, that is another fallacy. The only effect of a wife keeping continually after a husband and trying to spur him on is to make him hate her. She becomes a thorn in the flesh. She is the outward and visible sign of the thing he loathes most. She is the nagging of his conscience. She is a perpetual reminder of his own shame in being too weak and inert to do a man's part.

"No man's love survives having his wife tell him of his faults. A man may suspect that he cuts no important figure in the outside world, but his vanity demands that his wife shall admire him, that she shall believe in him, that he shall measure up to her standard of manhood.

"Therefore you cannot picture a man finding much comfort in the society of a wife who is a spur in his side, urging him to take hazardous jumps. Nor can you imagine a man yearning to come home at night to a wife who is always asking him if he has done this and why he hasn't done that, and throwing up at him the achievements of other men.

"Being a man's inspiration is something that appeals to the feminine love of meddling in other people's business. But in real practice it is neither as diverting nor as successful as it promised to be. Putting aside the difficulties of the task and its boomerang rewards, women find that they soon lose interest in the undertaking.

"For women do not love long where they do not respect, and no woman respects the man who has not strength to stand alone, but who has to lean on a woman; nor can she respect the man who is too inert to hold his own among men.

"To a woman plain laziness, lack of energy, slothful self-indulgence in case are unforgivable sins. She could more easily condone the breaking of all the Ten Commandments. And when she discovers that she is married to a man who is afraid of work, love flies out of the window."—Dorothy Dix.

MENU TO PLUMP UP THIN FOLKS.

Breakfast—Stewed Prunes, Cereal, Brown Sugar, Cream, Bacon and eggs, Creamed Potatoes, Toast, Coffee.

Luncheon—Rice with Cheese and Bacon, All Bran Muffins, Cocoa, Date and Nut Salad, Cocoa, Cookies.

Dinner—Cream of Tomato Soup, Croutons, Baked Potatoes, Buttered Beans, Lettuce Salad, Chocolate Pie, Nuts, Figs.

CANNING SOUP MIXTURE.

In the fall, just before frost and when the more perfect vegetables have been canned, I am sure to find a number of late-bearing plants still producing nice tender vegetables, but not in sufficient quantities for canning alone. These I gather and prepare for the vegetable soup which is such a treat on cold winter days. Almost any fresh tender vegetable can be used in this way and the greater the variety the better the flavor of the soup. Tomatoes, turnips, potatoes, carrots, onions, green beans, cabbage, corn and celery form the main ingredients.

Cut the corn from the cob, dice the potatoes, turnips, onions and carrots, string the beans and cut into small pieces, and slice the tomatoes. The amount of onions used depends upon their strength, but six large onions to three gallons of the other vegetables is sufficient for the average taste. The other vegetables I do not measure, generally using about equal quantities with the exception of corn and cabbage.

This canned soup mixture keeps splendidly, and the contents of a jar added to fresh beef stock makes a complete meal in itself. Possibly the greatest advantage in canning soup mixture (besides saving the late vegetables) is that the soup is so wholesome and nourishing, as it contains a greater variety of vegetables than when made of the vegetables one has on hand at the time the soup is wanted.

Mix all the vegetables together, season with salt and red pepper, add sufficient water to cover and cook until all the vegetables are tender. Boil rapidly, then pack in thoroughly sterilized glass jars while at the boiling temperature, if possible. Or, you can blanch and cold dip the vegetables, then cut into small pieces, pack in sterilized glass jars, and add one level teaspoonful of salt to each quart jar, or one-half teaspoonful of salt to each pint jar. Partially seal jars, then process one and one-half hours in a home-made canning outfit. Or pack vegetables in jars without blanching, add salt as above and process two hours in home-made outfit, or 35 minutes (under 15-pounds pressure) in a steam pressure cooker. At the end of processing period, remove jars from canner, seal tight, cool, then store in a cool, dry place.

WHEN MOTHER IS COMPANY.

This plan I find works well in getting the children to do their part of the housework. First, I do not command, for I find they had rather feel they are doing a favor. So I ask them if they will or would like to do so and so for me.

Each week one of them takes over housekeeping so as to give my mind a rest from household worries. The rest of us are hired help and do the work, with the housekeeper's directions and help. The next week let someone else be housekeeper.

The feature enjoyment will be that one day of their running the house they can give a company dinner, I and the rest of the family to be the company. Of course, we are hired help until the dinner is ready, and get the dinner according to the orders from the housekeeper.

You will be surprised how readily each girl takes her share of the work. Even my boys want their share of the work, carrying water, setting table and emptying slops, and really enjoy it.—Mrs. A. D.

WRIGLEY'S

After every meal

A pleasant and agreeable sweet and a l-a-s-t-i-n-g benefit as well.

Good for teeth, breath and digestion.

Makes the next cigar taste better.

ISSUE No. 40—'24.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the sagest counsellings depart."

CHAPTER XXXV.—(Cont'd.)

"How did you manage it?" Gaunt asked.

Hugo twisted uncomfortably. Why were people so curious? Wasn't it enough for them that he had fallen and nearly been killed?

"I didn't manage it," he said crossly. "It just happened."

"Did you lean over and lose your balance?"

Hugo shrugged his shoulders.

"I just fell," he said.

Gaunt gave up cross-questioning him. Hugo's stubbornness was becoming proverbial.

Gaunt hung about hoping to see Jean and announced his intention to Maddelina of staying to lunch. While Hugo was taking a short nap he strolled into the garden and down by the memory-haunted pool. But sunshine is different from moonlight. Last night he had been miserably sentimental, and now when he tried to remember all the things Jean and he had said to each other some of them seemed rather foolish. He had kissed her, held her in his arms.

Oh, well—they had their lives to lead, Jean and he, and Hugo also. One must put a good face on it.

He lit a cigarette and leaned against Hugo's sheltering palm-tree, his puzzled gaze turned towards the sea. Should he go to sea again and take poor Hugo with him? He felt restless for the first time in many years, and a yearning to be up and doing took possession of him. It was because of Jean, no doubt. The world might call him an old man if it chose, but the blood ran hot and strong in his veins. He could still be tormented by the pangs of love.

The toe of his boot struck something and he looked down, then stooped and picked it up, examining it curiously. Hugo's pipe. The one he complained of having lost when he fell over the balcony. How came it here?

Gaunt made no pretence at being clever, but in this instance he had a veritable brain wave. He realized at once how it had happened. Hugo had been stalking him and Jean last night, and the accident had occurred by his trying to climb back into the house.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

London in mid-June.

Alice Ardeyne had settled down into her new life more or less happily. Generally less, but when moods of dissatisfaction were on her she kept them to herself.

She was not so much unhappy on her own account, as on Philip's, and because—try as she would—it seemed impossible to forgive her mother for what seemed more and more a monstrous piece of treachery. Time magnified the hurt, instead of diminishing it.

Yet there were many moments when Alice was quite happy. What was pretence for Philip's sake often became reality. He was so kind and merry and busy, she could scarcely do less than repay him in kind. He gave her a great deal of money to play with and a big house to manage. She had a car and a chauffeur of her own, and a delightful week-end cottage at Maidenhead, where they entertained Ardeyne's numerous friends. He was proud of her and liked to see her in the expensive frocks he insisted upon her having.

"It's about the one way a doctor can advertise," he said. "And I must say, my darling, that you do me credit."

She had the usual desire of a newly married woman to plan her life on different lines from those of the disgruntled people one sometimes encountered in books. Philip's friends should be her friends. He must lose nothing by his marriage. Particularly since she was only half a wife to him. That loss must be made up in other ways.

Life flowed on easily and busily. There were no quarrels; no storms to make the sunshine more vivid. It was as though Philip had a good-tempered, obliging sister keeping house for him. That is to say, on the surface.

But at the bottom of that seemingly placid stream there were rocks and a dangerous under-current.

Ardeyne's friends got to suspect it in some mysterious way. How, without a spoken word or visible sign, do people divine a lack of seeming harmony of other's lives? It was revealed, perhaps, in the Ardeynes' rather too deferential treatment of each other. They were on affectionate but not familiar terms, and between those two attitudes lies a great difference.

The little bride was still a young girl. In her soft brown eyes there dwelt no wifely knowledge. And Prilip allowed himself to be too thoroughly submerged in the demands of his profession for a recently wedded man.

"He treats her as though she were a saint in an inaccessible niche," somebody remarked.

Somebody else—a woman—said drily: "If you ask me, there's some mystery about that marriage."

And so there was, and like all mysteries it betrayed its presence.

On their return to London, Philip plunged deeply into his work; fairly drowned himself in it. There was a great deal to do, and as much more as he cared to shoulder. He sent his partner for a holiday, and his own days were crowded, sometimes one beginning when the other ended. He worked on his lectures at nights. Week-ends they went down to Maidenhead, where there were always guests, but often Ardeyne, himself, had to rush back to town and leave the entertaining to Alice.

On one of these occasions he found himself in town on a Saturday night with nothing special to do for several hours. The French scientist whom he had come to meet had missed a train connection somewhere, and in consequence the evening was practically wasted.

It was a hot, airless night, and the young doctor was suddenly seized with a sense of restlessness that amounted to sheer torture. Should he go back to Maidenhead and let Monsieur Carre take care of himself? But that seemed scarcely polite. Foreigners are easily offended, and Monsieur Carre was not even an acquaintance who might excuse the informality of a note and follow on to Maidenhead as best he could by himself.

There was the lecture, of course. Philip regarded the closely written sheets of manuscript distastefully. He had laid them aside for the week-end, and was in no mood to take up his writing on the spur of the moment. It meant getting out reference books which were all neatly put away. It meant changing his clothes again, for he had dressed with the intention of taking the French savant to dinner at Claridges, and he could only sweat over the lecture in the ease of a soft shirt and his old golfing coat.

Well, anyway, he must dine, himself. He went to the Savoy instead of Claridges and afterwards watched the dancing for a little while. Then he strolled up to the foyer in a thoroughly bored frame of mind and ran into Carrie Egan.

She had changed in apperaance very much, and as he found himself shaking hands with her and exchanging greetings was conscious of an uncomfortable sense of shock. What had she done to herself? Perhaps it was her hair. Last winter at Bordighera she had worn it short, in a grotesque mop that gave her a frisky, juvenile air. And now—apparently— it had grown amazingly. Anyway, it was bunched up in a conventional fashion, and she had on a black dress which made her look sallow and years older. This was by no means the same Carrie Egan who had shocked and delighted the knitting brigade of the Mimosa Palace.

"Are you quite well?" Ardeyne asked, surprised into a question which sounded somewhat professional.

"No—not so well as I might be," Mrs. Egan replied. "And I could say the same of you." She had not lost any of her frankness. "You look like a screwed-up rag, Phil. What is the matter?" She turned the tables on him in an unexpected fashion. He had not intended to discuss his own state of physical being.

"I'm all hight," he replied a little shortly. "Been working pretty hard, that's all."

"I only got back from Jamaica a few days ago, so you must tell me all the news. I'm staying here and I have a sitting-room. Come upstairs and we can have an old-time chat. There's something rather particular I want to consult you about. Professionally, I mean."

Instantly Ardeyne was all concern.

"Not about yourself, I hope——"

"No. It's—it's for somebody else. But there's plenty of time. I want to hear about you first."

They went up in the lift and Mrs. Egan led the way down a long corridor to her sitting-room. She went in first, ahead of him, and gave a swift glance around, then a sigh as of relief at finding the room empty.

"Sit down, Phil. I won't be a moment."

She left him, going into an inner room from which there came the murmur of her voice and that of another, which sounded just a little fretful.

Ardeyne had scarcely time to wonder about it when she was back again, smiling, yet, as he could see, excited and rather breathless.

"Oh, it is good to see you again!" she exclaimed. "One feels so safe with you, Phil. I don't know anyone I've longed for more than I have for you these past few months."

Ardeyne wondered if she knew he was married. It seemed a fitting moment to break the news to her. Fortunately she helped him over the awkwardness of it.

"You married that girl, I suppose?" she said, as he was making up his mind how to tell her without dragging in the subject by the ears.

"Of course I did," he replied.

"Where do you keep her?"

Ardeyne explained a little stiffly about their week-end cottage and how he himself happened to be alone in London on a Saturday night.

"You're happy?" she asked a little wistfully.

"My dear Carrie, if I were cynical I might reply that I've only been married two months. Of course I'm happy. What do you expect?"

"Oh, I don't know. You must care for her a great deal. Knowing what you do—even I, with my little knowledge of such things—well, I'm rather surprised that you did it."

Ardeyne shifted uneasily. He did not care at all for the turn the conversation had taken. It was naturally most distasteful to him.

(To be continued.)

Photograph shows the operation of medical science's m[illegible] remarkable and recent curative power, artificial sunlight for sickly and tubercular children. The ray is produced by a quartz mercury lamp.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Plans for Root and Storage Cellars.

Plans for the construction of cellars for the storage of roots and of perishable products generally, are contained in the pamphlet "Root and Storage Cellars," issued by the Dept. of Agriculture at Ottawa. Three types of cellar are presented (1) The cellar under the barn driveway; (2) The cellar under a building, and (3) The isolated cellar. Diagrams and specifications are given for each.

HINTS WORTH TAKNIG.

In making salad dressing add a little grated horseradish to give it the proper "tang."

Keep a needle, threaded, handy in the kitchen to take that "stitch in time" when a garment is snagged, a holder loses its hanger, a dish towel is torn or a dozen and one daily slips that require that aforesaid stitch.

Smither the fire with fine chips, closing all drafts, when a fire in the range is not wanted for some time. Open up all drafts, lay on the wood or coal and shake down when the fire is wanted. This saves fuel, also the extra work of kindling a fresh fire.

Rusty steel should be soaked for several hours in linseed oil and then polished with unslaked lime or emery powder. This powder is easy to use if applied with a cork which has been dipped in the linseed oil.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Watch Your Peas and Ques.

The farmer, if the man is yy
Will open keep his honest ii.
The country's full these latter days
Of swindlers on the hunt for jj.
They'll take his xx and his vv
With seemingly the greatest ee.
His bb and pp and uu and such
Get care that simply beats the Dutch,
While right beneath his very nose
He pays a bill he never co.

—A. M. Hendee.

A Stylish Stout.

Wanted—Woman, clever, to fill vacancy with large corporation.

"DIAMOND DYES"

COLOR THINGS NEW

Beautiful home dyeing and tinting is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

A Locust Story.

The district mounted patrol of the Krugersdorf (Transvaal) in Africa while destroying locusts in the boundary of the West Rand noticed one locust with a white body. He captured it and found tied around its body a piece of paper bearing the message: "Farmers do your best—26-5-24. Christiana." The distance between Christiana and the place where the locust was captured is more than 200 miles, and the locust despatch flier must have covered the distance with a swarm about a mile long in 24 hours which included a rest over night.

Too many people remember to multiply their troubles, but forget to add up their blessings.

CREAM

We Make Payments Daily.
We Pay Express Charges.
We Supply Cans.
Highest Ruling Prices Paid.
BOWES CO., Limited
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A REALLY GOOD PLOW

The Genuine "Wilkinson"

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It Stays on the Job!

You can bank on a "444" Day after day, month after month Smart's "444" Axe will stand the going where the going is hardest.

Get your hardware man to show you a "444". Note the hang and the feel of it—A real axe with a fireblued finish that resists rust.

CANADA FOUNDRIES & FORGINGS LIMITED

JAMES SMART PLANT
BROCKVILLE ONT.

Farmers' Bulletins and how to Obtain Them

The publications of the Dominion Department of Agriculture are obtainable free of charge on request, with exception noted.

They contain helpful information on all subjects relating to farming.

They number some four hundred in all, and the following are examples:

List of Publications.
Seasonable Hints.
Preparing Poultry Produce for Market.
Winter Egg Production.
Wintering Bees in Canada.
Root and Storage Cellars.
The Safe Handling of Commercial Live Stock.
The Bacon Hog and Hog Grading.
Finishing Lambs.
Selection of Lamb Cuts.
Preservation of Fruits and Vegetables for Home Use.
Insects Affecting Live Stock.
Farmer's Account Book—Price 10 cents.

Cut out this advertisement, mark on it the bulletins desired, including the full List of Publications, fill in your name and address, and mail to:

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Province.....
12

VILLAGE HOMES OF GENIUS

Hamlets Made Famous by One Inhabitant.

Many villages are just picturesque groups of houses in the midst of green fields and woods, through which the motorist is content to rush with a glance to right and left. But there are others in Britain which attract visitors from afar because of their association with a great name.

Selborne, in Hampshire, is an outstanding example. Gilbert White spent seventy years there, during which he recorded the natural history of plants and animals he observed about him. Thus Whit's "Natural History of Selborne" has become an English classic and has carried the name of this tiny hamlet round the world.

Stoke Poges is associated with one great name that of the poet Gray. In its churchyard he is supposed to have penned his immortal elegy, the most perfect poem in the language.

The Hero of Quebec.

Westerham is associated with the name of Wolfe, the hero of Quebec. He is connected in the public memory with Gray's Elegy, as well as with the addition of the Dominion of Canada to the British Empire, for he is said to have repeated the famous stanza ending with the words "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," as the boats with muffled oars approached the fortress which was the key to a continent. The house in which he was born still stands.

The village of Eversley, in Hampshire, is associated with the name of Charles Kingsley, author of "Westward Ho!" who was the incumbent of its church for thirty-three years, and in the vicarage of which all the novels and poems by which he is known were penned. The nearby village of Hursley is proud of the fact that John Keble, author of "The Christian Year," was its vicar for over thirty years, and that its church was built out of the proceeds of the sale of that poem. The famous hymn, "Sun of My Soul," is taken from it.

A Son of the Manse.

Somersby, in Lincolnshire, was unknown to fame until it found an everlasting name as the birthplace of Alfred Tennyson, who was born in its vicarage in 1809. He spent all his early life there. The scenery of this part of Lincolnshire colors all his earlier poems, whilst the "brook" which he immortalized runs close beside the house. Is famous "Northern Farmer" was a man of the neighborhood, and Locksley Hall, although a fictitious name, is generally supposed to be a neighboring mansion.

A vicar of the moorland parish of Haworth, in Yorkshire, was the Rev. Patrick Bronte, who became the father of one of the most remarkable and talented families in English literary annals. In the dull village parsonage close to the graveyard were written such immortal works as "Jane Eyre," "Vilette," and "Wuthering Heights." The three sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne, were all highly literary, and their name have left an imperishable imprint on the neighborhood.

England's Greatest Evangelist.

Grasmere is associated with the name of Wordsworth, who lived close by at Dove Cottage, and later at Rydal Mount. From these two residences he wandered over the fells and by the streams, crooning to himself the immortal poems which have made his one of the greatest names in our literature.

Bemerton, in Wiltshire, is famous because George Herbert was its rector. He wrote some of the most exquisite sacred poems in the language. There is a picture in the Tate Gallery which shows him composing poetry in the vicarage garden.

Epworth, in Lincolnshire, is famous all over the world as the birthplace of John Wesley, the evangelist, and of his brother Charles, the greatest of all our hymn writers and author of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." They were, like so many men who have immortalized villages, the sons of the vicar.

Mixing the Menu.

Apples, it is said, are rapidly ousting tomatoes in popularity as an accompaniment of fried bacon for breakfast in some London hotels. But this dish is by no means a new one, having long been a favorite in certain parts of the West Country.

Cheese and cold apple tart are familiar items on the tables of Yorkshire country folk, where they are usually served together. In Sussex cheese and jam are often eaten together, though to the unaccustomed palaite the mixture is not a specially enjoyable one.

Most people know how good red currant jelly is with mutton, but few have tried prunes with roast veal. This is a common dish in Sweden, where food combinations are carefully studied. Milk with broth, again, seems unappetizing to us, but you will often find it relished in Belgium.

A Spring That's Solid.

A spring balance in which the "spring" consists of a solid metal bar over an inch in diameter is used by the U.S. Bureau of Standards as an aid in calibrating testing machines.

Fewer Ostriches in South Africa.

The number of ostriches in South Africa had dropped from 900,000 to 120,000. There is in consequence fear of an ostrich feather shortage.